

# Derek's Legacy

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Summary: The covenant war ends, and humans have won, and live peacefully with elites, hunters and grunts. About a year after the peace treaty, Master Chief is killed by new species of aliens...warriors late for the covenant war. This starts a new battle...where

## 1. The Start Of The Brute War

Derek awoke to a mist filled jungle. "How the hell did i get here?!" thought Dereck, as he struggled to remeber. All he could remeber was Master Chief jumping to protect him from multiple plasma shots. This was a true happening. The great Spartan died that day.

### FLASHBACK

He was young. 10 to be exact. He was playing on earth, the homeplanet for the humans. They were in a war against Covenant. Master Chief had lead the marines into victory, and we were successful at holding the Covenant at their homeplanet, for Master Chief had made a treaty with the Elites, Hunters, and Grunts, and through this treaty, came peace and tranquility. The other Covenant were anguished and were forced to stay at their home planet due to the numerous elites that controlled the planets in their solar system. The qwar had been over, but a greater one had been created. Master Chief was coming home with the Arbiter who had survived his confront with Tartarus, though Tarturus wasn't dead for sure, he was either dead or hiding. They were at the gates, and were docking, when suddenly a frigate full of Brutes came out of no where, except the Brutes were of different species. Each with their unique ability. Since they lived very far wzy, their travel was slow, and had made their apearence late. Earth's defense had'nt destroyed the ship, and the ship docked and made a suicide attack. The Master Chief and the Arbiter along with a few of their best Marines rushed the landing, but by the time they got there, 5 major cities had already been anihilated. They followed the tracks and finally found them. Then the battle began, and lasted 10 days, even

though the Brutes were few and there was only 50. The unique Brutes had different powers, and took them a long time to figure out how to beat them. Finally, when only 5 were left, they surrounded them, but something terrible happened. One Brute took out new weapons. They looked like Brute plasma rifles, but they were bigger and longer. Then from the backs, an energy sword appeared. The Brutes shot the Marines and grenades came that had trails of plasma, and when the grenade touched something, it exploded and destroyed a length of meters on all sides, like a point erupting in the middle of the circle and hitting everything in the area. Any Marines that got close enough to engage in melee were destroyed instantly by the energy swords. the armor didnt help either. No sniper, no matter the distance, could get a clean shot. They waited to strike, and kept defending as many cities as possible, but after at least 5 hours of nonstop burning, the Brutes ran out of ammo, and the Marines led a charge, only to be met by another surprise. Their guns changed and plasma came out. A never ending supply. As long as the Brutes were alive, the plasma rifles would work because the plasma rifle was connected to the Brute's circulatory system and relied on the heart power of the Brute and would take blood slowly. It was an impossible feat for the marines, and then on the final hour, the two heroes showed up. Master Chief and The Arbiter came in a warthog that jumped over the hill and stopped the Brutes movement on the capitol of the country.

"Who...What the hell are you?!" asked Master Chief.

"We are your messengers of death. You are facing the Gods of the Covenant world." said a Brute.

"But...you're Brutes, like Tartarus. He was king, though you look stronger than him..." said the Arbiter.

"Hmph. Tartarus ignored some of the specoes. He only accpeted normal bred Brutes to be at his command...not us strong freaks." said another Brute. "Now get out of our way, or you will be seeing plasma blasts in your face..." said the same Brute.

"Bring it on." said Master Chief, and then the two charged at the Brutes. The Brutes reacted the same. The Brutes reacted first though, and they shot 10 rounds of plasma blasts, which shook the ground for 5 minutes. Dirt was in the air. When it dissapeared, they saw nothing but as huge hole...the size of a lake.

"Ignorant fools." said what seemed like the commanding Brute. They walked through the vast desert, when a voice rang out.

"Hey! Fuckers!" said Master Chief from a hill not 10 meters away.

"What?! You're alive??!!!" said the Brute in disbelief. Thats when the Master Cheif pulle dout two rocket launchers, and fou rockets came launched at them. "Are you a fool?! Our armor can take it." smirked the commander. The Brutes stood there, and at the exact second after the rocket launcher stuck them, the arbiter came out of no where and acivated an energy sword and sliced the arms where they were infused with the guns.

"Arrrrrrrrrrrgh." said the Brutes, as they ran with bloody stumps at their right arms. They ran to the nearest city and were chased by the

Master Chief and the Arbiter.

"Nice shot!" said the Arbiter.

"Nice sword moves!" said the Master Chief back. The two chased ythe Brutes into the city, but by the time that they got there, the Brutes had surrounded a small boy with a ball in his hands. There was a number stitched on the boy's neck. 117 was the nu,mber, and a roman numeral 3 appeare after. Master Chief looked with shock.

"Cortana....is that boy going to go through augmentation...Spartan series 3?" asked Master Chief.

"Yes." replie Cortana grimly. "We should save him. He is the future." said Cortana again. "With all the threats, i dontsee any way of survival, and oh mi gosh. They're preparing to shoot him now!" said Cortana in alert.

"Damn. The only way..." thouoght Master Chief, and then he said to Cortana "Forgive me for this Cortana." and he took out the chip pfrom his hands and threw it to the Arbiter. "Give that to Fred." was the last words of the Spartan to the Arbiter. He took out a old knife. One that had kept since the beginning when he first escaped from Reach. He threw it at a Brute with amazing ferocity, speed, and strength, and it struck one dead. The Arbiter, realizing what ws happening tried to run to keep up, but it was pointless. The plasma pistol in the Brutes' left hand was glowing, and then the trigger was let go. Master Chief reached just in time, and was able to shoot two Brutes while taking the hits. He looked at the world before his eyes. He thought of his fights and his life. Then he thought of his family...the remaining Spartans. He saw the energy shield on his HUD fade slowly and then dissapeared, and then two charged shopts shot him, and he felt it burn through his armor, and then his flesh, and saw a hole ion his stomach. He fell, and he looked at the kid, and said "Good luck on Augmentation day...", and he was shot again.

"Nooooooooooooo." cried a voice. It was Fred's voice. He had just arrived. He ran and drop kicked the commanding Brute, and pushed the Brute into the energy sword of the Arbiter's. There was one Brute left, and Fred viciously rammed into it and shot 10 clips of shotgun and then threw 5 frag grenades at it. The Brute wa unconciuos, and when he opened his eyes, he blew up. It was a terrible day. The great warrior had fallen.

FLASHBACK ENDED

Derek awoke from his thoughts on that day again, still trying to remeber, and then he remebered. He was stuck in a forest after seeing his whole crew become anhilated by 2 Brutes. 1 Brute hd allen, but the other was still looking for him. He was hiding in his secret hole. He knew the Brute wouldn't find him. Somehow he knew, and then a pain caught him off guard. He couldn't breathe without hurting his chest. It was a fatal woun dfrom the inside, and he knew if it wasn't treated soon, he woukld die, but he couldn't contct a Pelican without getting caught.He had to wait it out, so he lept, and thought of the day he had failed.

FLASHBACK AGAIN!!!

"Number 117."

"Yes Chief?" said Derek.

"You know you can call me Fred. I don't like being called that...after the incident...but im not here to alk about that. We have to lay you off the Spartan program. Studies have shown that you too vulnerable to death, because you started late." said Fred.

"But...that can't be true. I worked hard, and i'm as good as the rest of the Spartans!!!" protestes Derek.

"I'm sorry Derek. But we need every soldier, and since our technology has advanced, we can study whether someone is capable for augmentation. We don't want to risk good soldiers for dead soldiers. Understand that this war was worst then the one i fought in. The same advantages and stakes are in this war. I'm sorry. In the old days we had o time and had to sacrifice, but we have time...at least a little."

"I...understand Fred."

"I'm sorry Derek...but i also have an announcement. You will now lead ground ops for the arines, and occasionally will still be the Spartan leader you have grown to become."

"Thanks Chief. I'll leave now." muttered Derek.

"I'll see you along side me noe day. I promise. We will meet again, i mean, they can't hold me here forever can they???He he he he." chuckled Fred.

FLASHBACK ENDED

"BOOOOOM". The sound woke up Derek and came from the top. "Oh sh;t they've found me said Derek, as he quickl activated his e,mergency plan, with extra bombs that would detonate when someone came in. He put nukes along the walls of his hole, and crept to the end. He waited, and then a shadow came in and an explosion was heard. "Arrrrrrgh." was the sound.

"Good. One down. Now for the jackals." said Derek. He knew the familiar sounds of a angered or dead Brute. He was right about the jackals too. They came and he acitvete the nukes which exploded them. He waiteed for another 20 minute, nd when he heard nothing, contacted the perican an came out and policed the Brute's weapons. He had come here for this. Now they would have technology like the Covenant, and now the war was fair. He got on the pelican and a crew inside treated his injuries and congratulated him, though he was still thinking about the words said to him form the Arbiter. "You will lead us to victory and ensure peace just like Master XCheif had done. You will need nothing but your heart and your ,mind to win. You won't need anything...not even armor. Dont let anything set you back. You will win this war...and i will help in the end, and so will the other Spartans. I know so, from the Prophet's prophecy on a legendary human figure that would wipe out the race. It could not be teh Master Chief becuse he has died without making this prophecy true. You will be the one. Trust me. Just remeber these words i have said to you. Nothing can stop you...."

## 2. Beginning Of An Assault

"Good job Derek!" said a spartan cheerfily.

"Thanks Karen...but shouldn't you be carring out the space ops with Tom?"

"Don't worry. He let me stay since Mescath needs to improve my armor. You know. The newly advanced armors from the technology you got us!" said Karen.

"Yea...but i failed. Everyone in my crew died. I just can't seem to work with others. Besides fighting with Spartans, i'd rather fight alone." said Derek.

"Then ask Fred! He'll come up with something!" said Karen.

"I already did. He says he needs to think about it. He also told me to get ready for a new mission. Tom gonna be with me on this one. We're infiltrating a Brute base. Our AIs tell us of a massive colony there that's examining new aliens, and they're going to try and persuade them to join....like the other races. We have to negotiate with tht new race, or we'll have to kill their homeplanet before they start multiplying in other areas of space." said Derek in a dul tone.

"Why so sad? I'd give anything to go on this one!" said Karen

"You're coming along. I knew you wouldn't wanna stay out on this one. It'll be like old times! I just requested and they granted!" said Derek, smiling now.

"Thanks Derek. Finally. When do we get ready?"

"I'll inform Tom and he'll tell you. Don't worry. Just get your mind ready and focused. The rules have changed. A group of at least 50 and 10 spartans against a whole colony, and im pretty sure the female brutes look exactly the same as a male brute." said Derek in a chuckle.

"Alright. See you later guts." said Karen as she walked into a elevator.

"Time to meet my new crew..." said Derek, as he sighed. He must have had 16 crews by now. The longest a crew stayed with him was probably through a week of battles. Oh well. He walked to the elevator adjacent of the one Karen went to. He designated the floor, and he went down.

"Alright Marines. You've probably heard of me and my record by now. My crews get destroyed early, so if you don't stay alert and pay attention, it's your ass that's gonna get burned in hell. Not mine." said Derek in a pretty strict voice. The marines chuckled. Derek looked at the men and women. He already knew that some were helljumpers from their tatoos. He quickly thought of the teams, based on their appearences of strength and speed. He was a genius at this. He knew the strengths and limits of someone, just by looking at them.

>"You four ladies group with those 6 men. You will be Alpha team. You are all runners and have ran from hell before haven't you?" The group stood in shock and asked how he knew. "It's not Q and A time. You 5 girls and 3 men. You will be Beta, for you are all strong, really strong. Some of you may be wondering why you were grouped with these strong people when you aren't strong at all. It is because you are dead shots. Snipers with the calvary. Always a brilliant tactic. Last, the rest of you on my team. We have no name ladies, just the team. We are the brains and the averages. NOT too strong or fast, but not weak or slow either, but you are smart, and you will be at my side in battle, and sometimes will be in charge of the other teams. IS EVERYTHING CLEAR?!"<p>

"Yea!" said the marines.

"Good. Just remember. Fight tomorrow. Major one. We are going to fight a Brute colony, but suck it up. You'll have some time to get ready, sleep, and if you want, think about strategies, cause there's a new type of alien, and if they're strong, you get the hell out of there and shoot from a distance.

"Are you serious?! Battle already?! I'm just a minor!!!" said a marine.

"Hmmm. Private Stoker. You are talented. You are not only a genius, but a damn good sniper. You will have to suck it up. There is no running away. If death be at frontier, let it be there, but if we're going down, we're taking the Brutes with us to hell. Why would you be scared with the talent you have. But I know how it is. Having your first real battle marine. I'll let you sit it out. You are the only exception. Everyone else will meet me in the morning. You decide what's right. This will be the first and last time I excuse someone. Marines, DISMISSED!" said Derek, as he walked toward the door to his room. See you tomorrow." Stoker stood there and thought about something, then went straight to his bunk. In Derek's room, he was memorizing his crewmates' names. Stoker, Bob, and Sarah would be all he needed to know. They would be the leaders. Tomorrow he would tell them.

End  
file.